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FOOTGEAR FOR THE HORSE

Valuable and Useful Suggestions for Men Who Are Interested in Horseflesh.

Shoeing, as Generally Practiced, Shown to Be Based on Wrong Principles, and a Prolific Cause of Disease and Disability.

The Department of Agriculture has recently issued a book which has proved so popular that Congress has ordered the publication of some thousands of copies. That a public document should be in such demand marks a new era in the history of such publications. The popular volume is a special report on "The Diseases of Horses." It contains over five hundred pages and more than forty pages of illustrations, many of them of an artistic character. "Shoeing," which is the subject of the last paper, may not be considered a disease, but the author, Mr. Dickson, the veterinarian of the Farmers' Institute of Minnesota, declares that "bad and indifferent shoeing are such prolific sources of both disability and disease" that it may properly be treated as one of the ailments to which horse-flesh is heir. The writer says that there is reason to assert that "the history of every horse is a record of human endeavor to mar his utility, and there is special reason for this declaration when it comes to the treatment of organs so vitally essential to his usefulness as his feet." "No foot, no horse," is the horseman's aphorism, yet no portion of the animal economy has suffered so many wrongs or has induced so much uncalled-for suffering as the horse's feet, and to shoeing a large part of these evils is directly or indirectly referable. Assuming that shoeing is an unavoidable consequence of the horse's domestication, the author says:

"That the ordinary iron shoe is the best and least hurtful means that could be devised I am reluctant to admit; but so far even American ingenuity has failed to develop anything better suited to the purpose. That the system of horseshoeing as it obtains, even in the most skillful hands, is pregnant with mischief to the foot no one who is conversant with the facts will venture to deny. As a matter of physiological fitness the shoe and its mode of attachment are utterly indefensible. Each time a horse is shod every nail driven means so much injury to the foot. The better the job the less that injury is; but there is no such thing as absolute immunity from an evil which must always exist in inverse ratio to the skill displayed in the execution of the work. We have, however, to deal with facts as we find them, and if we have day after day to impose upon our horses work of a nature which entails upon their feet more waste of horn than nature can replace during the ordinary interval of rest we are obliged to adopt a defense of some kind."

There is a large class of horses, he says, in which shoes are not a necessity—those used in agriculture exclusively. The nature of their work, the pace at which they are required to perform it and the character of the ground over which they move unite to render the artificial protection of the shoe for their feet, except in rare cases, unnecessary. As a rule such horses are so badly shod that they suffer most and their life of usefulness is shortened.

ATTACKING THE METHOD.

The writer then proceeds to attack the "buttress" and "drawing-knife" which are always used in fitting shoes. He is very severe on the practice, which he calls "irrational," and thus notices some of the traditional practices:

"Foremost among them is the insane habit of trimming the frog and thinning out the sole till it visibly yields to the pressure of the operator's thumbs. The frog is nature's cushion and hoof-expander, placed there by an all-wise hand; by its elasticity its wards off concussion from the less elastic portions of the structure, and by its resilience assists in maintaining the natural expansion of its horny ambit; that is to say, it does so in its natural state, but the drawing knife's touch is fatal to it. Once cut and carved and deprived of pressure, those very acts cause it to shrink, dry and harden, and at once lose those very attributes which constitute its usefulness to the foot. Robbed of its elasticity and resilience, it is incapable of discharging its alloted functions—both as a cushion and as an expander it is a dead failure; indeed, it is worse, as in its altered character it is now a menace instead of a protection—a bane rather than a boon to the foot that wears it. The destruction of this important factor having thus been provided for, the operator probably next turns his attention to the sole, which, by all traditions of the craft, must be pared down until only a thin film of soft, partially-formed horn is left to protect the living structures within against injury from the substances with which the foot necessarily comes in contact. Nor does the mischief stop here. The sole itself, or what is left of it, consists now of soft, moist, half-formed horn, which dries and shrinks on exposure to the air, and thereby entails a further and still more serious injury to the foot. * * * There seems to be a fascination about this work of destruction, and the incompetent workman next addresses himself to the self-imposed task of improving upon nature by removing the bars, and what he calls, on the lucus a non lucendo principle, "opening" the heels, a process which, in plain language, means opening a road for them to close over. On this poor, maimed foot a shoe, often many sizes too small, is tacked, and the rasp is most likely called into requisition to reduce the foot to fit the shoe: for, although it is apparently of little moment whether the shoe fits the foot, it is indispensably necessary that the foot should, somehow or other, be got to fit the shoe, and horseshoeing, like other arts, must needs sacrifice on the altar of appearances. It is sad that art and nature should so often be at variance, and that what satisfies the one should outrage the demands of the other. The foot is now shod and protected from undue wear, to be sure, but at what a sacrifice! Robbed of its cushion, its natural expander; its lateral braces removed; its sole mangled and its natural repair arrested; the hairlike fibers which make up the horny wall crushed, deflected, and their nutritive function depleted by an unnecessary number of nails; robbed by the rasp of its cortical layer of natural varnish, which retains the moisture secreted by the economy, the strong walls become dessicated and weakened, and the foot is in a very sorry plight, indeed. To some this picture may seem overdrawn, but it is nevertheless a matter of daily occurrence."

HOW TO REMEDY THE EVIL.

Proceeding to the consideration of the means by which the attendant evils of shoeing may be minimized, Dr. Dickson repeats with great emphasis that the hoof should be shaved only sufficient to level the surface and to secure a natural and equal bearing for the shoe. The shoe itself should be as light as the weight of the animal and the nature of the work he has to do will admit. Its object is to prevent undue wear of the walls of the foot. It is a mistake to assume that the heavy shoe prevents concussion on paved streets; on the contrary there is reason to believe that the weight and unyielding iron add to it. The surface of the shoe next the foot should be perfectly level, and it should be shaped to the natural tread of the foot. The shoe, moreover, should be made to fit the hoof and not the hoof the shoe. Here again the Doctor rails at the "rasp" which is used to make the foot fit the shoe.

What is called "hot fitting" is approved; that is, after the foot is trimmed and beveled, the applying, momentarily, of the shoe, at red heat, to the foot. By this means a more accurate accommodation is more readily obtained than by any other method, and the contact between the shoe and hoof is made more intimate and enduring. Shoes should not be permitted to remain on the hoof more than a month or five weeks, because the shoe which fitted when put on becomes too small in time, and injures the hoof as a small boot would the human foot. The fewest nails, and these of the smallest size that will hold the shoe in place the proper time, is a rule which should never be departed from. The nail-holes in shoes should not be punched too near the outside edge, because, if punched near the center of the plate of the shoe, the nails will strike the thicker and lower walls of the foot, and thus obviate the necessity of being driven so high up in the hoof for a hold as to approach the sensitive structures of the foot. Too many nails of an unnecessary size, and driving them too high up into the walls, are the commonest errors in shoeing. With a perfectly level bearing for the shoe it is astonishing how few nails will hold a shoe in its place, while, if the shoe is not fitted, no matter how it may be nailed, it will work loose. Speaking further of nails, the Doctor says:

"When we bear in mind that the walls of the hoof consist of a number of hair-like tubes cemented together, and that each tube is one of an infinite number of minute canals which diffuse throughout the horn a fluid that nourishes and preserves it, it will be readily understood that each nail driven into the wall deflects those little tubules, probably absolutely closing those with which it comes in actual contact, and hurtfully compressing those lying half way between the nails, thus impairing, if not destroying, their utility and cutting off the supply of a material necessary to the foot's existence. If we could dispense with nails altogether our horses' feet would be immeasurably better off. This, unfortunately, we apparently cannot do, but we have it in our power to minimize an evil which, at present, at all events, we cannot entirely avoid."

THE BEST SHOE.

The Charlier shoe and tip, which is the toe part of the shoe and not over one-fourth as long as the shoe, are recommended by the writer, which he describes as follows:

"The shoes used are about one-third the weight of an ordinary shoe and less than one-half the width. In preparing the foot for the shoe and sole, frog and bars are left, as they ought to be, absolutely untouched, and a groove is cut, by means of a knife specially designed for the purpose, in the wall, not high enough to reach above the sole level, and less than the thickness of the wall in depth. Into this groove a narrow but thick band of iron is sunk and nailed to the foot by means of four to six conical-headed nail, the heads being counter-sunk in the shoe. The advantage of this method of shoeing is that the frog, bars, and a portion of the sole come to the ground exactly as if the foot were unshod, and one and all participate in weight-bearing, as it was obviously intended they should, while the wall is protected from wear by the small rim of iron let into its ground surface."

Under the head of "Finishing Touches" the writer again attacks the use of the rasp, giving the following objections:

"No procedure could well be devised which would be more hurtful to the foot. In its natural state the entire hoof, from the coronet to the sole-level, is covered by a fine coating of natural varnish, thickest at the upper margin and gradually becoming thinner as it descends. Under cover of this beneficent curtain the new horn is secreted and protected until it has attained maturity. The moisture secreted by the animal economy, necessary to the perfection of the horn, is retained within it, and the prejudicial influences of altering drought and moisture are set at defiance. In a very dry atmosphere like ours it is of paramount importance that this beautiful shield should be preserved and fostered, and no name is bad enough for a senseless custom which, to serve no good purpose, robs the foot of a necessary protection which it is beyond the power of art to imitate or replace."

Upon the subject of winter shoeing he says the shorter, the sharper and the smaller the "calking" the better. It is only the portion that catches the ground or ice that holds the foot, while if the calkings are so long and do not enter the ground so that the whole shoe bears upon the surface, the calkings are so many levers "to compel him to wring his feet, rack his feet, and inflict untold tortures on himself."

SOME HENRY CLAY LETTERS.

Written by the Statesman to a Placee Girl Who Was Under His Protection.

Chicago News.

Not very long ago the Sun printed an exceedingly interesting article upon the subject of Louisiana octoroons and the old-time custom of utilizing the octoroon beauties as placees for the aristocratic young men of that part of the South. There is living in Philadelphia at present an old lady who was the placee of Henry Clay. She was the daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, her mother being a beautiful quadroon. As the daughter grew up she developed great personal beauty and unusually bright intellectual qualities. Her father had her thoroughly educated, and when she was eighteen years of age he bought a comfortable home for herself and her mother in Kentucky, providing them with money adequate to their support in handsome style. In those times there was but one future for an octoroon girl; that was to become the placee or mistress of some rich white man. She was reared with this inevitable end in view; it was the custom, and, therefore, it was deemed righteous.

During one of his political campaigns Henry Clay caught sight of this beautiful octoroon. He sought her out and found that she was a girl of culture and refinement. In due time he arranged matters with the mother, and the girl became his placee. Brilliant and famous as Clay was, the octoroon beauty presumably did not find it hard to accede to the bargain. She went East with Clay and was installed in a home which he provided in Philadelphia. Here he was wont to visit her, running over every week or two from Washington.

This relationship existed for a number of years. When away from her Clay wrote daily to his beautiful mistress, and these letters are still in existence.

After Clay's death the young woman wedded with a respectable young German and went to California to live. The husband dying a number of years ago, his widow returned to Philadelphia, where she now abides, a lovely old lady, retaining to a marked degree her personal beauty and the charming vivacity of her earlier years. She loves to talk of her intimacy with Clay, and her reminiscences of the men and the events of sixty years ago are most interesting. Of her relations with the great Whig leader she speaks proudly. She followed the custom of the time—her acquiescence thereto was inevitable; it was her fate, and she does not regret it.

To gentlemen in the acquaintance of the writer this remarkable old lady has read many of the letters written to her by Clay, and to one of them she has promised (if we are correctly informed) to bequeath these precious literary relics, with permission to publish them, discreetly edited. These letters number, as we understand, about two hundred, and they are said to be marvels of epistolary art, throwing, at the same time, a powerful side-light upon the secret history of contemporary statesmen and politics.

It has seemed to us most remarkable that, with all the enterprise of our collector, editors and publishers, no effort has hitherto been made to secure and unfold to the world what we are certain would prove a most sensational, most interesting and most valuable contribution to American historical literature.

New York's Literary and Artistic Clubs.

March Scribner.

The Century is assisted by other clubs in looking after the literary and artistic needs of New York. Among these may be mentioned the Lotos, the Players', the Fellowcraft, the Authors' and the Aldine. The Lotos has long been familiar to the public, and a great deal has been said of the brilliant gift which Mr. Booth has made to New York in the handsome house of the Players', in Gramercy Park. The complaint is indeed made that in these two clubs the non-professional element tends to strengthen itself at the expense of the professional. The complaint is not an unusual one; it has been made with regard to the Garrick, in London. The Fellowcraft is composed of writers and artists connected with the press. The Authors' Club is, as its name indicates, made up of men who have written books. It has rooms, but no clubhouse. The Aldine, founded by publishers and artists, has within two years taken possession of a house in Lafayette place.

WOMEN OF TRUE INFLUENCE

They Are Not Those of the Rostrum and Convention, but Those of the Home.

Suggestions as to the Right Uses of Cosmetics—Applied Heat in Various Forms as Specifics for Ailments Inside and Out.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Of course, the women's convention at Washington could not get on without its little fling at the frivolity of cosmetics and the women who use them.

The convention represented, perhaps, fifty thousand women at a liberal guess. What are they to the five million good wives, mothers and girls who do their duty of individual responsibility of their own motion, without having to join a society or wear a badge to remind them of it, and who are not at all above or beyond looking as well in the eyes of those dear to them as nature will permit?

The women who do the right and pleasant thing naturally, instinctively, by the grace of God, and good mothers who keep their poise and place without needing any annual or triennial round-up to get the convention brand, are the women of influence in these United States as yet, and the convention-mongers will have to work vastly harder than they have yet to begin to counterbalance it.

We are told the purpose of these conventions is to "educate American women to broader views."

No such thing. The object of these affairs is to concentrate influence and power in the hands of the dozen or two leaders and secretaries who sit in bonnets on the platforms through the sessions and get headaches and shed their hair by so doing. Convention work is very bad for the hair anyhow, and politics turns it gray faster than trouble, while as for wrinkles—you might have the serpent's tooth and the thankless child together for graving tools, and you could not write the lines deeper than carking ambition carves them in these leading women's faces.

One thing I will say for these women conventions and associations from somewhat intimate inspection, that no political machine is run with such relentless accuracy or utter ignoring of principle as these women's politics, and no ward or county "boss" keeps such rigid rule over his forces as those convention women in bonnets conspicuously good.

One rule is common to women and Jesuits, that the end sanctifies the means, and the end and the beginning are never far apart in the consummate I of the worker.

I had ever so good an invite to the performance, inside view and all, but I hate to lose the early fine weather for pruning my pear trees, and then I think too much of my health and nerves to sacrifice them in close convention air to such slight purposes.

WHERE WOMAN'S REAL EMPIRE IS.

My dear women, can't you learn that the indirect influence of your sex is the only irresistible one you have? What the mischief does any shrewd woman want to spoil her complexion and temper in stuffy conventions, when she can sit at home in blessed sunlight, among her flowers, and control from five to five hundred votes, not by some irresistible spell of beauty or amiability, but by that of right feeling and sound sense which men will hear and bow to, whether from prophet, priest, workman or woman holding the force of truth, which comes not of self-seeking and paltry ambitions or desire to rule.

Convention leaders cannot hold in more utter contempt than I the beauty-worship which makes a cult of cosmetics, and by it seeks empiry over man.

It is only in stories that the pretty woman wins by a walkover every time, and turns the heads of statesmen, business men and boys by a look. One may somewhat accurately appraise the worth of vital enduring good looks as worth naming in the scale with polished manners and social talent, not an end at all, but a very clever means toward making life pleasant. It is only half-drunk politicians and naturally fuddled, weak-headed literary men and ministers who pretend to worship women's beauty. But you want a good complexion as you want your boots clean, and faulty features mended as you want your coat to set well. When all women are good looking there will be very little vanity left in the world.

And now, my dear young women who honor me with your confidences, about your complexions mostly, it is just at the turn of the season you want to secure good health and a clear skin for the twelvemonth.

Chiefly avoid taking colds in March and April winds. These thawy, moist days one feels the chill more than in midwinter with dry air near zero. I can't begin to tell you the harm done by the slight colds, congestions and checks of perspiration which nobody thinks of.

Especially do these account for the stray pimples, the rashes, the vexatious stye in the eye, and, must we say it?—the boils which girls have as well as their brothers.

It is a mercy when these disorders pass off with so slight though annoying effects as a boil or two, or a breaking out. Youth throws these things off and thinks no more of them. But the old girls, ranging from thirty-five to fifty, married and unmarried, find these checks of circulation a more serious matter. These retentions of secretion, these minor congestions which leave at first only a feeling of weight and dullness, are the cause of fibroids and tumors with their history of horror.

BACK TO OLD-TIME VAPOR BATHS.

We have got to go back to the old practice of hot vapor baths and fumigations by which the Middle Ages made up for the want of surgery by preventing the need of it. We are behind the Romans and the Norsemen in this provision for health.

The hardy Finns to-day have their sweat houses in every village where the weekly or semi-weekly bath is taken, till the bather reeks with perspiration, and the men rush out and throw themselves in the snow for relief. They find by experience that such alternations enable them to bear the rigors of their winters, and centuries would have shown their error if they were mistaken.

No northern people are hardier or more spirited than these same Finlanders, with their clear complexions and dark blue eyes. Spite of their harsh climate they have the most healthful living of perhaps any of the northern races, and keep equal degrees of romance, daring and good feeling in their natures. You do not find imagination, force and adventure in a race without coarse, plenteous fare, pure air and cleanliness.

The only substitute we have for the sudarium is the hot-air register from the furnace. It in younger days, led by the voice of other writers, I have ever spoken disrespectfully of the "hole in the floor" I withdraw the expression. Since the great open fire is a thing of the past, we have nothing to compare for saving comfort with the ten-inch register and its rush of genuinely hot hair, where one can heat a chilled backbone, a rheumatic leg, or thoroughly warm one's self cloaked and wrapped for going out.

Doctors have scared women from their best friend by warning them not to sit over hot registers lest they should make them tender. Living over them is one thing, sitting over them when occasion requires is another, and occasion requires it pretty often with delicate women.

The hole in the wall is a poor conceit, useful for nothing but to warm one's back by at times, and the modern art stove, with its high foot-rail and fire half way up the wainscot or thereabouts offers little chance to the chilled mortal.

When shall we have the oil furnaces, heated by kerosene and vapor, the hydrogen fuel, which gives such flow of heat, controllable as a garden hose? The stoves heated in this way are a boon. The six-gallon can of oil on the wall feeds oil through a quarter-inch pipe to a cylinder in the stove, where a jet of water is converted into steam and mingles with the flame, trebling the heat of kerosene alone.

The idea is perfectly adaptable to furnaces, and when it is in use, good-bye to cold houses and spring chills. People will not be in a hurry to put out the furnace fires for the sake of getting rid of their care, for all they require is to keep the feed-can filled once in two days, and turn the stop-cock as you desire a large fire or one just low enough to keep the walls from losing heat. Then, when a cool evening shuts down on a warm day, there is no worry and fuss of building fires or starting the furnace to heat a cold house. Turn on the oil, and ten minutes will find the house snug and warm as ever.

Still, any one who knows much can run a common furnace with very little fuel in fickle weather, so as to keep it on call for chill evenings and cold snaps.

SPECIFICS AGAINST COLDS.

If you want a specific against colds and all the "greefes" attending them, always go to bed warm. Sit over the register in nightdress for half an hour, till all the joints are thoroughly heated and suppled, and perspiration starts gently. If you have any particular aches in any part of the trunk, have a hot soapstone or bag of hot sand to apply, and sleep with it. Your hot water compress is a fraud, wears out too easily, and wets the bed; anyhow, it doesn't keep hot long enough to pay for the trouble of filling.

When will druggists keep the nice thin slab of soapstone or white porous brick with cover of cartridge paper and flannel, or the sandbag and cover which keep hot—not lukewarm, but hot—till you get up in the morning?

If you have a cold on the chest the hot sand-bag is the best thing applied over the lungs? Aches of the abdomen fly before a thorough heating by a hot stone, and hot flannel or silk after, and one of the best remedies for the sleeplessness of nervous persons is to lay a hot soapstone against the stomach on going to bed.

Another thing, no better relief for the malaise of dyspepsia exists than to apply this hot comfort to the stomach for ten or fifteen minutes after eating. It stimulates the flow of the digestive secretions and draws the blood where it is needed. Heat is a great medicine for all diseases.

Lastly, dyspeptic and flatulent persons find great relief by wearing the little Japanese hand-warmers, which burn a bit of punk for hours over the stomach or below it when discomfort occurs. This sort of hot compress can be resorted to in offices, or where other appliance is impossible, as the whole affair is about the size of a card case. Sea captains and business men wear them under their coats, women hide them in their dresses, and avoid many a pain and annoyance from it.

The world is full of helps for minor troubles, if we only knew of them, and it is very much safer applying heat in this external way than using mustard plasters or stimulants in most cases.

Correspondents bring their troubles for solution. One lady has taken large doses of antipyrine for neuralgia, and suffers a tormenting rash in consequence, and is at a loss to know if her cosmetics have anything to do with it.

The action of antipyrine in causing eruptions is perfectly well known, and the cosmetics from different makers, the composition of both of which I happen to know, are innocent as the soap used in this case.

A pure soap will aggravate a rash from antipyrine or bromide, and only the purest white vaseline, sweet cream or fresh goose-fat will prove soothing till the effect of the medicine passes off.

Clean, fresh goose-fat is nearest the composition of human fat of any substance known, and is readily absorbed by the skin.

A strict distinction must be drawn between the use of oils and fats as cosmetics or as medicinal ointments. Vaseline, lanolin, etc., are relegated to the physician as bases for his ointments and unguents, applicable to wounds, ulcers and eruptions of serious sort. Their use is temporary, and oftenest over a broken skin.

Cosmetics, on the other hand, are daily or nightly used as the great cosmetic, water, is, and we do not want substances to feed or stimulate the hair-bulbs of the skin as lanolin or most fats and oils do. They have use enough in medicine and for the hair of the scalp.

En passant, as hair begins to fall in spring, a nightly dressing of vaseline or wool fat is advisable, parting the hair in made places and applying the vaseline to the scalp with the finger, leaving it to diffuse itself through the hair by night in sleep and brushing well next morning. The strong yellow vaseline is best for the hair, especially to keep it from turning gray.

I'm afraid vaseline will darken blonde hair, and the only remedy is to let the sun bleach it again. From now till May is the great bleaching time of year, when sunlight has more whitening effect than in summer. German blondes go about bareheaded a great deal in the fields and gardens, and keep the fairness of their locks into middle age. When they turn housewives, put on a cap and stay by the chimneyside indoors, it turns flaxen brown.

A girl correspondent is informed that she does not want to put oil of tartar on the hair at all unless she wants to go bald. It is for the skin only in much dilution.

SHIRLEY DARE.

RUSSIAN GIRLS.

Nearly All of Them Marry Young Without Long Engagements.

English Illustrated Magazine.

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, perhaps because there are generally more sons than daughters. Take the younger members of the imperial family as an example and we find twenty-two grand duties and only seven grand duchesses; and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural labors of their fathers has given rise to a saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son, but three are a whole son."

Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other adoring relatives. Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged as far as their means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at Sunday-schools, as religion is taught by priests or deacons.

It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick or poor in towns, but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of mamma or grandmamma. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, nor is solo singing. Most of the institutkas, though they thoroughly understand the theory of music, play like a child of twelve; of course there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka off-hand.

Girls marry very young in Russia, and there are very few of those most estimable individuals called old maids. There are no colonies for the Russians to run away to, and statistics show that the births of boys much exceed those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of, they seldom last longer than a few months, during which time the fiancee is the mistress of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom drops in with a few bachelor friends. Another wedding is thus often arranged, and so on, little by little, till, like the fifty-one cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off, and one, generally of the sterner sex, is left—forlorn.

A Terrible Infant.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is the small boy who usually tells things, and the dinner-table his favorite theater. Not long ago a bright little fellow out on Peachtree street peered over into the dish at the head of the table and exclaimed. "What a little chicken for so many people!"

The company smiled surreptitiously, and his mother endeavored to quiet him. But he was like Banquo's ghost. After they had all been helped and were eating, his face suddenly lit up, and, clapping his hands, he shouted, "Oh, yes, I know now, mamma. This is the little chicken that was sick so long in the yard, ain't it?"

THE LOST MINE OF WALETAH

Queer Old Legends of Indians and Robbers in the Back Counties of Missouri.

The Story of Gabrielle Monteil, Who Was Stolen When a Child by the Cunning Red-Skins and Reared in Their Savage Ways.

Kansas City Times.

In that beautiful region lying south of the Missouri river, where in grand and graceful curves the muddy old stream divides this State, stories of early times, of bold outlaws and haunted hills and caves abound. For such a comparatively new country, tales weird, historic and bloodthirsty are found in quite unusual profusion. Every one of those inland counties, Benton, Morgan, Camden, Dallas, Hickory and so on, have their tales of the James boys, the early French settlers and the Indians. And these stories are told by candle-light in the farm-houses, by mothers whose wide-eyed progeny cling round the parental knees in eagerness.

There are many facts existing in that region to-day which few can tell whether they substantiate the stories or whether the tales were formed on these curious existing facts.

On the northern line of Vernon county, where it adjoins Bates, stands Halley's bluff. It is high and steep, with a gray old crest of solid rock surmounting it. Up from the water of the placid Osage river below winds a path deep worn and difficult of ascent. Any one having the energy and curiosity to make the long climb will be rewarded when the summit is reached, for there is plain ocular evidence that man was thefe when the country was young. Here, overlooking the majestic river, a band of men, likely the early French visitors, had built their little Gibraltar. Engineered after a manner of military wisdom beyond the age, this stronghold was capable of withstanding the attacks of a score of armies.

The heavy stone ledge projects out over the sides of the bluff, and there is but one path cut through this ledge by which can be gained the summit above. That path could be guarded by a few armed men against a thousand. Were an enemy to reach the summit he would be confronted by the defenders, poking their guns up out of the pits which have been hewn five feet deep in the solid rock.

The James gang recognized the invincibility of the fortress. Frank James, three years before he surrendered to the authorities, led a party of vigilantes to the spot to effect his own capture. They didn't recognize him.

The names of the James boys, the Youngers and others are cut in the stone of a cave in the bluff.

THE STORY OF GABRIELLE MONTEIL.

To the older residents of Green county is familiar the story of old Waletah. This Waletah was an old white woman who had been captured by the Indians from the early French settlers in St. Louis county.

Those who pretended to know asserted that her real name was Gabrielle Monteil. The story ran that she had been kidnapped from her parents when but four years of age. Being raised by the Indians and brought up after their manner of life, she became attached to their savage ways. In time the foster parents of the French girl died. She was left a young squaw by the death of her warrior husband shortly after. He was killed among many others who had undertaken a daring expedition into the region lying along the west bank of the Mississippi and about seventy-five miles north of St. Louis. There, upon the crest of Buffalo knob, the expedition made its last stand when closely beset by a large party of French and English. To-day the height of that noble promontory is increased some ten feet by the mound erected by a party of Missouris over the bones of the slain.

There to-day sleeps the young husband of Waletah. And they say at times when the full moon of the month of May casts a golden halo all round about the hoary head of the old Indian fortress imaginative relic hunters see the form of the young brave standing out on a little jutting spur of rock and, with uplifted hand shading his eyes, gazing out over the majestic sweep of the mighty waters.

At all events, Waletah was known for many years among the early white settlers of Green county. Her people were all exterminated in time, but she seemed to cling to life and the neighborhood. As servant to a family of settlers she grew old. During all the years since the death of her brave she wore a heavy pair of silver bracelets. They were rough, and had evidently been made by those unskilled in arts of the civilized nations.

Many stories were current of the origin of the solid ornaments. The most popular of these was that they were the product of silver mines that were worked by the red men in that region. This was not the first time articles of the kind had been seen.

Time and again the adventurous and credulous young spirits of the neighborhood would get the old woman drunk, hoping in that way to get possession of the secret which everyone thought she possessed. It was of no avail. If she knew anything she kept her secret well; she was close-mouthed as the grave.

One night toward the latter part of the month of January of a year in the latter part of the seventies the old woman was lying at the point of death in a poor chamber of a Green county farm-house. For several days she had been ill, and as she was now nearly seventy years old, it was thought she would die. As the expected event approached a few young men of the country around gathered about her bedside. There was but little if any feeling of sympathy among them. They hoped that in her last moments she would break the seal of her lips and divulge the secret that would make some of them wealthy men for life.

The hour of dissolution approached. The thin, bronzed face showed no expression of consciousness or life. The eyes were closed. All at once the emaciated form rose bolt upright in the bed. Back started the affrighted men gathered round, but quickly leaned again towards her when the thought struck them that this might be the time they had been awaiting so anxiously.

The old eyes were open. They burned with a fierce, inhuman, unnatural light. The dry lips drew apart slowly, and in a vacant, hollow, meaningless voice were uttered the words: "The knoll! the knoll! and the big pine trees! (here she made a gesture toward the northwest). It's hidden now; down a ladder—a hickory ladder. There is the white metal. Go—No! No! the Great Spirit wouldn't alow it! No! No!" It was over. The next day the body was given a rough burial. The secret was buried with her.

SEARCHING FOR WALETAH'S SILVER-MINE.

Within forty-eight hours three searching parties were riding over the country for miles to the north and east, trying vainly to find a knoll surrounded or covered with pine trees, near which there was a mine. Several hills were found that possessed the first condition, but long and diligent searching failed to discover anything that could be taken for the entrance to a mine. In a week all were back at work on the farms save Harry Howell. For two years he continued the search for Waletah's lost silver mine, but it was never found. If a lode of silver ever existed in the region it still remains undisturbed.

The people of Green county are not the only ones that have firmly believed in the presence of silver in the counties of south and central Missouri. The following tale, told by one of Kansas City's most reputable business men, is interesting as being a history of the events that led to the discovery of zinc and lead in Hickory county on that branch of the Osage which was named by the French the Pomme de Terre.

Old Billy Brookmyer died in Hickory county in 1866 after rather an eventful life. For many years before his death old Billy, who was a sly rascal, with little learning, conducted the most successful business in counterfeiting that has ever been known in the West, or, for that matter, anywhere else. The old fellow was the head and father of a gang of half a dozen scamps, all bent on having plenty of spending money without labor. The counterfeits—Mexican as well as American dollars—were made by the hundred and passed very easily upon the ignorant people. If report is true they were of a better class of imitation specie than is made to-day, for the merchants of that day could not distinguish them from genuine dollars. There were of proper weight and color; they would ring like silver; they would not bend in the fingers as lead does; nor did they tarnish or feel slick and oily when rubbed with the thumb and forefinger.

Once old Billy was taken by a deputy United States marshal to Springfield, where he was tried and acquitted. For some reason, although it seemed to be generally known and accepted that he made the counterfeits, nothing could be proven.

One night in the winter of 1858, so the story goes, old Billy and his wife, Sallie, were sitting before the open grate, where the logs crackled and hissed and the cricket drearily sung. Billy had been smoking an old clay pipe for some time, while his wife was knitting. All at once the old woman looked up from her work and said: "Say, Bill, did I tell ye about bustin' my pipe? I jes' dropped it on th' floor before supper, and I haint got 'nuther one about ther place. What kin I do erbout it?" Old Billy said nothing, but continued to puff away, until finally an idea seemed to strike him. He arose and shuffled across the floor of oak, worn smooth as the ice of the Pomme de Terre by the constant tread of feet. Going to a rough cupboard nailed to the wall of logs, he took down a rough chunk of metal, bright like silver.

MAKING THE SILVER PIPE.

At the same time he got some plaster of Paris, a bowl for mixing it, and a big rusty iron ladle, such as was used in those times for melting the lead for the bullet-molds. Back to the fire-place he came and stirred up the coals. Placing the metal in the ladle and putting the latter over the fire, he went to work with the plaster of Paris. With the bowl of his own clay pipe as a model he soon had a mold made of the white plaster. Lifting carefully the heavy ladle, with the molten metal glistening and shimmering in it, he poured with steady hand the liquid into the mold. There was a slight hissing and steaming and then the mold was broken apart and a bright silver pipe-bowl lay on the floor. Old Sallie was eager to pick it up, but, when she essayed to do it, burned her fingers.

For years the old woman went about her work, smoking the bright pipe, and the neighbors for miles around envied her in the possession of what they thought to be a silver pipe. Many of those who knew how old Billy lived were ignorant enough to think the dollars he made were of pure silver, and that he had a mine somewhere in the neighborhood. This idea grew in the minds of the simple people until they were so wrought up over Billy's supposed good fortune that a band of the most daring spirits of the country round about visited his house one dark night in the spring of 1863, when times were hard and money scarce. They took the old man and his wife from bed and bound them to trees on the edge of the clearing. Old Billy was brutally beaten and threatened in the attempt to induce him to disclose the location of the mine. It was of no avail.

They finally, in their rage and disappointment, set fire to the two-room log house where the old couple had lived for a score of years. After seeing the flames well under way the miscreants fled. A few neighbors of the better class soon arrived on the scene, attracted by the fierce light in the sky. They found old Sallie tied to a sapling, but her tongue was loose and she was discussing vigorously the demerits of the fellows who had burned them out. Old Billy hung limp against the tree to which he was lashed and the blood trickled slowly down from a wound on his head, and he knew not what was going on.

The house was never rebuilt, but the old couple moved over into Benton county, where a new cabin was erected. The silver pipe went down in the ruins of the house on the bank of the Pomme de Terre and was never heard of again until '77, when farmer Bill Stephens plowed it up out of the ground where the old cabin stood. He showed it to the neighbors, who recognized it as old Sallie's pipe, then laid it away among the household treasures until one summer day last year he got it out and gave it to a gentleman from Kansas City, who now holds it as a dear relic. He cut the end of the long stem of the pipe off and had it assayed by Professor Ihne, who discovered that the metal contained 30 per cent. of silver, together with much lead and other metals.

About forty years ago the people who were looking for old Billy's silver mine found lead and zinc in large quantities. This they mined and carted across the country to Linn creek, where ex-Governor McClurg grew rich smelting the ore, which was richer than that found at Joplin.

Old Billy died in Benton county in 1866, and was soon followed by his wife. The counterfeiting gang broke up soon after his death, but the molds are supposed to be concealed somewhere in Benton county to this day.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

Sir Edwin Arnold Grows Eloquent in Their Praise of Their Good Qualities.

March Scribner.

But, if a foreign sojourner must speak so favorably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan? They seem, taken all together, so amazingly superior to their men-folk as almost to belong, morally and socially to a higher race. In a sense that is the case, for though, of course, identical in blood and breeding, Japanese women have been reared for centuries in a separate school from the men. It was the hard school of obedience, of submission, of resignation, with no pretensions to justify the view. The Japanese male has considered himself, all through his history, the superior of the graceful and gentle companion of his life, who is taught, from the hour when she disappoints her mother by arriving in this world, to humble herself, first to her parents, next to her husband, and lastly to her children. But it is characteristic of women, in all ages and countries, to make the best of bad laws and customs, and even to turn them to the advantage of themselves and of the men. Thus I know not by what soft magic of content, by what subtle elasticity of nature the Japanese woman—in theory a slave—in practice has gained very much her own way every where; and obtains, without exacting, far more consideration and deference than might be expected. It is an unsolved mystery in what proportion the Mongol, the Malay and the South Sea Islander, with perhaps Arabs and Semitic peoples, have blended to constitute this unique, gifted, impressionable race. Yet it is a still greater mystery to me how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous mal-estimation surrounding her from early times. The story of those early times proves abundantly that she was always what she is now—otonashu shinsetsu na—tender, gentle and devoted.

New Use for Paper Money.

New York Recorder.

One would think that all the uses or abuses to which greenbacks could be put had been discovered long ago, but a gentleman sitting in the Hoffman House cafe last evening created some interest among the crowd present by using a bank note in a rather novel way. He took a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and used it to clean his eyeglasses. When asked if there were any particular cleansing properties in paper money he replied that he had found great difficulty in keeping his glasses free from moisture and dust, and had used almost everything to clean them. He had finally discovered that a five or ten-dollar bill answered the purpose better than anything else. What the especial virtues of the note were he did not know, but practical experience had demonstrated that it did the work well and without scratching the glass. Whether a one-dollar note has similar qualities is not demonstrated, and till that is found out people who are scarce of the larger denominations will have to confine themselves to the use of handkerchiefs.